

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
February 1929 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





After the Sleet Storm

HALLIE FRANCES FRANKLIN

Aged 12 and a pupil in Cleveland School, Cranford, N. J.

The world is an icy Fairyland
A world of frozen white;
The trees are bending downward
With the crystal work of night.

The sunshine falls on the silvery lace
And it glitters in dancing fun,
For every twig is a brilliant beam
Of jolly old King Sun.

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The February News in the School

Natural Science:

THE biographical sketch, "A Prince of Scientists," by Elizabeth Kehr, will furnish classes in science with valuable information in unusually readable form.

And Social Science:

Leslie Cameron's story, "With the Help of Mr. Lincoln," and the editorial, "I Am an American," will both help teachers to deepen the conception of true patriotism in their pupils. The article, "The Old World in the New," shows this higher patriotism in practice. The activity carried out so prettily by children of foreign-born parents in Morgantown, West Virginia, is not unlike the foreign activity suggested, on the February Calendar page, for local adaptation. Do your pupils know that poem, "Dago and Sheeny and Chink" by Bishop McIntyre, and the lines from it?

"O shame! when their Roman forbears walked
Where the first of the Caesars trod,
O shame! when their Hebrew fathers talked
With Moses and he with God!"

or that other poem, "Scum of the Earth," by Robert Haven Schauffler, with the lines:

"You Pole with the child on your knee
What dower bring you to the land of the free?
Hark! does she croon
That sad little tune
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea
And mounted on gold for you and for me?"

A serious discussion of some of the contributions of other lands will be found in *Old Homes of the New Americans*, by Francis E. Clark.

It is good to remember some of our national heroes who are also national heroes of other lands. Of especial interest in connection with Lincoln's birthday is the "Will" of Kosciuszko (Ko-shutz-ko), the Polish hero, born on February 12, 1746. It was made on his second sojourn in America, and Thomas Jefferson was appointed executor:

"I, Tadeus Kosciuszko, being just in my departure from America, do hereby declare and direct that should I make no other testamentary disposition of my property in the United States, I hereby authorize my friend Thomas Jefferson to employ the whole thereof in purchasing negroes from among his own or those of any other gentleman, and give them liberty in my name, in giving them an education in trades or otherwise, and in having them instructed for their new condition in the duties of morality, which may make them good neighbors, good fathers, or mothers, good husbands or wives, and in their duties as citizens teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country, and of the good order of society, and in whatsoever may make them happy and useful, and I make the said Thomas Jefferson my Executor of this."

May 5, 1795.

New Material

Very recent material that will bring a new note into patriotic programs will be found in *The Angel of the Battlefield* and other poems by Anne Kelledy Gilbert (\$2, Vinal Pub. Co., 562 Fifth Ave., New York). There are these lines, in a sonnet entitled "Father Abraham," written about the Lincoln statue in the Memorial building at Washington:

"I could but stumble, tear blind, close beside
The patient presence, weary, warworn, tall.
From out the pregnant silence memory blew;
My father's voice, full-throated, echoing wide;
I felt the fringes of his army shawl;
I heard the tramping of this thick-soled shoe."

Lovers of the Red Cross will be interested in the sonnet sequence from which the volume takes its title, about Clara Barton and the beginnings of the Red Cross—

"The bond of suffering peoples ever more.
Floods, famines, fires, disasters, all distress
Grew human with this human touch to bless."

A considerable number of the poems are about national heroes and memorials to those heroes; but there is a wide range of objective interest. A strong plea for peace is implicit, sometimes explicit, and many lines catch the heart's attention:

"The battlefields were still. Each trembling bird
Essayed once more to sing his April song.
Bobwhites and squirrels and rabbits softly stirred,
Yet fearful of the heavy-footed throng
Now passed forever. Virginia's bluebells chimed
Soft requiems for the fallen, friend or foe;
Purple violets and dim myrtles rhymed
Their beauty with the dogwood's wreaths of snow,"

Disaster Relief

The article "School Lunches and School Gardens in Porto Rico" will have special significance for all classes that contributed towards Junior Red Cross projects in disaster relief. Bread cast on the waters has in some measure come back to the Lantana-Hypoluxo School, Lake Worth, Fla., which was cited for Junior Red Cross activity in the September, 1927, issue of the *TEACHER'S GUIDE*. A letter on its way to Japan (written by the principal, Ethel B. Matson), said in part:

"Since we sent you our school portfolio we have passed through a terrible disaster—a hurricane that completely wrecked our lovely little school home, which we had all worked so hard to have reach perfection; but we are now comfortably housed for the present in a neighboring school and hope another year to rise 'bigger and better' than ever. We are now preparing another exhibit to send to your school not later than January 30 of the new year. Because of storm conditions our work has been hindered, but we are back on our Junior Red Cross work that means so much to us as a school; and more now than ever, since we have come in actual contact with the blessings and benefits to be derived from it, through our disaster."

Developing Calendar Activities for February

The Two-year Contact in International School Correspondence

YOU have doubtless noted, in studying the revised school correspondence pamphlet, that schools are advised not to undertake international correspondence unless they are willing to continue a contact for at least two years and to undertake at least two exchanges each year. A longer contact is strongly recommended, in order that acquaintance with foreign correspondents may become real.

This means that school correspondence ceases to be a temporary "device" to bring a passing stimulus to a group, and becomes a more permanent part of the course of study. If a fifth grade that was active in preparing an album has passed to another room by the time the reply is received, provision must be made for both the promoted group and the present fifth grade to enjoy the reply. Responsibility for answering a foreign album may devolve upon a new group but this is usually not a hard problem, since the receipt of the album makes the pupils eager to answer. Teacher-planning is necessary, however, in order that the new group shall not repeat the information already sent by its predecessor the preceding term.

May Connor, whose death last summer was a loss not only to her Augusta Street School, Irvington, N. J., but to Junior Red Cross work as well, wrote last spring of the way in which her teachers worked out these problems and also carried on contacts with more than one country:

"The children are delighted to do work to be filed in these albums. The best is saved for Red Cross. The incentive works well and interest is keen when the choice is made.

"The art department is responsible for the covers of the albums and the classes work very hard to make them acceptable and representative of their best endeavors. With the last supply of material sent, the children in the domestic science department dressed several dolls. They also sent samples in miniature of all sewing projects that they will cover in the various classes this year.

"We have sent and received material from a number of different countries. When material is received a year later in reply to material sent, for instance by a fifth grade, we route it immediately to the promoted class, the sixth grade, where it is used for one week. The fifth grade teacher borrows it next, and the new fifth grade responds to it. But if any of the sixth grade feel that they would like to send some particularly nice piece of work or write a class letter in appreciation of the material, the teacher encourages them to do so. The foreign album is kept on exhibition in our auditorium and when any teacher can correlate it with history or geography lessons, she is at liberty to borrow any part that may prove helpful.

"Our children love Red Cross work and are looking forward now with a great deal of interest, as are their parents, to the replies. Our aim is to bring about a friendly feeling that may eventually work toward the culmination of our great ambition, that of world peace and love for all our neighbors."

Boys in a Belgian school explained to their correspondents in the State Normal School of Bloomsburg, Pa., the way in which their class carried on the friendship started by the graduating class of the year before:

"Our seniors, who left school at the end of June, were very much pleased you gave this opportunity to become better acquainted with an American Normal School. Before leaving, they entrusted us with the task of answering and so it will be

our duty to contribute to this album. We hope that it will not be less joy to you than yours was to us."

Ellen W. Bassette, principal of the Southwest School, and general Junior Red Cross Chairman for the Southwest District, Hartford, Conn., described in her report partially quoted in the September issue of the GUIDE, the manner in which variety and progression of material is provided for:

"The chairman listed truly American subjects for the portfolios. She held a conference with each teacher and selected a topic from this list that would be suitable for the interests of the pupils. In every case the subject chosen was either a school activity or an interesting bit of their course of study. At the assignment conference the difficulties, as in translation of certain terms, were discussed, so that these might be avoided. In this way no class was working aimlessly or without supervision and there was no duplication of subject matter."

Some of the topics listed were:

National anthems	Picture studies
Indian music	Nathan Hale
Negro melodies	Views of Connecticut
A trip through the White Mountains	A day in our school
Washington, D. C.	History of Hartford.

Study of the topics suggested on the Calendar will help in solving the problem of variety and progressive information in interpreting our country to schools of other countries.

Appreciation of Material Received

One other point is especially important if friendship is to grow; that is, that replies to albums received shall be warm and appreciative. From time to time excellent samples of courteous letters have been quoted in the NEWS and in the TEACHER'S GUIDE. One from a Japanese school to a technical school in Fresno, California, chosen from the fine ones that pass through National Headquarters will serve for an example now:

"DEAR AMERICAN FRIENDS:

"Last March the forty-seven boys of our seventh grade sent you a portfolio. We hesitated to send it because it was so poor, and when we received your beautiful portfolio and kind letter, we did not know how to thank you.

"It was last Monday morning that our teacher came into our classroom with a big package. We could not make out what was inside, so everyone watched and asked our teacher about it. Our teacher kept smiling and told us all about your portfolio. It was raining that day and we could not go outdoors for recess, so everyone looked at your portfolio during every recess period. The children in our school usually go home as quickly as possible, but nobody was in a hurry to go home on that afternoon. Everyone remained in the class and looked at your excellent work over and over again. We want you to know how much we appreciate it. We were really surprised at the large scale showing the harvest of wheat and dried fruits. We enjoyed the many interesting pictures of tropical plants, and your great big gymnasium and also the excellent physique of your people.

"We learned so many things from your generous gift and we hope we can write to each other many times and exchange our work as often as possible. We all send best wishes and hope to hear from you again.

"Your Japanese friends,
"MASAYOSHI NAKAMUR,
"VIII Grade Boy, Student Representative."

The Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

Voting on Uses for the Service Fund

THE Chairman of the Junior Red Cross for the San Diego County, California, schools worked out a way for the children to vote on the local use of their service fund. A mimeographed ballot listing seven specific opportunities, such as "Two pairs of glasses for children in ————," "Three round trips to clinic in San Diego," was mailed to each school. A majority vote of the school in favor of an expenditure was marked as a "yes" vote. The December letter to Junior members throughout San Diego County explained the use of their contributions to disaster relief work:

"Your contribution went into a huge fund of ten thousand dollars, which gave hot lunches to children whose homes had been wrecked by the hurricane, and into another fund of a thousand dollars, which was spent for seeds that Juniors are planting in their gardens."

Donations to the local service fund and to the National Children's Fund will stand for active service to these children. Should they come together in a county council meeting later, the preliminary discussion in their own schools over the ballot and over the letter from the chairman, will have made them ready to appreciate the reports of other schools as well as intelligent in their discussion of new projects.

Telling the Public

A GOOD example of educating the public about the local Junior Red Cross was furnished in a summary of last year's work in the Santa Paula, California, schools, as reported by Superintendent George A. Bond in the *Santa Paula Chronicle*. This news report read:

The activities of the Junior Red Cross, organized under the local Red Cross Chapter here and consisting of work done in the schools, are described by the teachers to me as director every two months. We talk a good deal about character education in the schools nowadays, and perhaps this report will serve to give a definite idea of what it includes in these particular ways. No two classes did exactly the same things, but the main activities are described in the following summary:

1. Study of and contact with children of other countries, to develop a spirit of international friendliness and broad-minded understanding. Letters written to children of other lands, descriptive albums and pictures sent to them. Similar things received from them. Study of the children and customs of other nationalities.

2. Welfare work: collecting clothes, making quilts, sending books, flowers, food, toys, potted plants to needy families, sick folks, hospitals, elderly people, fellow students, teachers and friends who are ill.

3. Talks on and practice of service, kindness: helping folks at home in practical ways, being kind to new pupils and smaller children, obeying parents promptly, establishing kinder relationships between all classes of children in school, Mexicans and Americans, rich and poor, large and small.

4. Health talks and practice to keep fit for service. The few simple rules of diet, exercise, fresh air, sleep, cleanliness. Planning to make the vacation wholesome and healthful.

5. Teaching and practicing thrift and love of home: home improvement, gardens, planting of seeds and bulbs at home.

6. Relief work during flood times: taking mother's duties at home so as to release her for service; serving at relief center. Collecting articles for relief and earning money to buy them.

International Correspondence from Smaller Schools

MANY teachers enjoy adding their own letters of greeting to international correspondence albums. This must never take the place of the children's letter

of greeting, but should be in addition to the work of the children and should strengthen the bond of friendship. Eda C. Agness, of District No. 8, Montevideo, Minn., sent the following letter with her pupils' album to Japan, telling about the use of the Japanese material in her community:

"DEAR FRIENDS:

"We were very glad to receive the booklet that you sent to us. It is so interesting to us and to the whole community.

"The children are writing letters to you and I am sending a few of them with this. They are very anxious to hear from you again, if you can find it convenient to write, as they are so interested in learning of you and the customs of your country.

"This little book has made Japan mean a great deal to us and we hope always to remain your true and sincere friends."

Arta Verity, teacher of geography in the Central School, La Grande, Oregon, wrote to the teacher of the Australian school to which the work of her pupils was addressed:

"DEAR TEACHER:

"We hope that you will find this portfolio useful and interesting. We surely enjoyed yours. Our handwriting does not compare with yours. We especially enjoyed the pressed flowers you included and would like to send you some of ours, but it is too early in the spring.

"It has been my experience that it is harder to convince children of the similarity of the United States and Australia than it is to convince them of the differences. So I have stressed the ways in which we are alike and the portfolios will probably be more valuable in showing your children that we are not very foreign, than in showing them anything surprisingly new.

"The portfolios were prepared entirely by sixth grade children. The two general letters were written by seventh graders and the pieces of art work include two from eighth grades.

"The portfolio we received from you during your vacation, has gone the rounds of many classes and several schools. We also plan to use it during our spring exhibit. We surely thank you for it."

A picturesque letter, not from a teacher but from a pupil in the rural elementary school of Durango, Colorado, is a good illustration of a courteous greeting from the children:

"DEAR JUNIORS:

"The pupils of La Plata County have all contributed towards this booklet we are sending you. We hope you will all enjoy it as much as we enjoyed making it. The book contains pictures of many of the country schools in our county, pictures of scenes and some of our wild animals.

"I go to a summer school because the snow is too deep in the winter, although most of the schools in our county are winter schools.

"We will eagerly await a reply and a book from the Juniors in your school.

"Your Junior friend,

"HENRY HOTTER."

A Helpful Article

AN ARTICLE on "The Junior Red Cross as a Motivating Force in English," by Zilla Wiswall, of the Brayton School, Madison, Wisconsin, appeared in the December *Elementary English Review* (4070 Vicksburg Avenue, Detroit, Michigan). The discussion is based on actual experience with Junior Red Cross and there is an especially helpful discussion, with examples, of the many opportunities for writing real letters in connection with gifts sent to hospitals, to elderly friends and to children's homes.

Fitness for Service for February

An Enjoyable Book on Enjoying Health

FROM time to time the *TEACHER'S GUIDE* has quoted at length from useful material on health sent out by the League of Red Cross Societies. This material is prepared by Dr. Claude Lillingston and Miss Norah Hill, editors of *World Health*; and some of the finest of it has now been organized in a book, *How to Enjoy Health*. Written in lively, extremely readable style, the chapters cover a wide range of everyday, practical problems, including such titles as: A Good Diet and a Bad One, Give School Children Milk!, The Breakdowns of Middle Life, Choosing a Career, Waves of Disease, How Much Sleep Do Children Need?, Whooping-Cough, The Ventilation of the Schoolroom, A Dramatic Chapter in Pasteur's Life, The School Teacher's Health, Disease the Disabler, The Cost of Noise, Sleep and Sleeplessness, The Treatment of Sleeplessness, The School Child's Sight, Medical Aspects of Tobacco, and many others. The following discussion of the common cold is quoted as fully as space permits from the chapter on that subject. The volume is published by Hodder and Stoughton, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E. C. 4.

"Because we are so familiar with the cold as to call it 'common,' we are apt to overlook its seriousness. Certainly in most cases the patient recovers, but in very many cases the common cold is the forerunner of the commonly fatal double pneumonia, or of the bronchitis which becomes chronic and cripples its victim for the rest of his life. There are many other serious sequels to the common cold, some involving the respiratory tract, others the bones and such organs as the ear.

Many Causes

"The cause is not yet known with certainty. It is probable that there are many causes, such as chills and draughts, certain conditions of the weather, infection, bad ventilation.

"With regard to chills and draughts it should be observed that healthy persons exposed to them in the Arctic regions do not catch cold. Several hours after a cold has begun, the patient feels chilly because his heat-regulating mechanism is upset, and what is merely a symptom of his illness is misinterpreted by him as its cause. There can be no doubt that if chills and drafts are severe enough to lower the vitality of the person concerned, his susceptibility to a cold must be increased; but it is the stagnant air in crowded, badly ventilated rooms, and not the current of fresh air which is dangerous.

"The second possible cause—certain conditions of the weather—is difficult to analyse; epidemics of colds may be most common when the humidity of the atmosphere is great, the temperature is variable, snow is thawing on the ground, and sleet is driving in our faces, but it is impossible to say how important this factor is, and we can do little to regulate it.

"Infection and bad ventilation may be considered together because the ill effects of the two are largely interdependent. Bad ventilation not only renders the lining of the nose and throat comparatively unhealthy and susceptible, but it also helps to concentrate infecting germs. As for the part played by infection, many germs have been found in the subjects of a cold, but the very variety of these germs make it hard to say which, if any, is the real sinner. Perhaps they all play a certain but secondary part—like that of the jackal and hyena which devour what the lion kills. The lion in this case is unknown. He may perhaps belong to the

germs which are so minute that they pass through a filter which stops such germs as those of tuberculosis.

Symptoms and Prevention

"The symptoms are familiar to us all. Perhaps the best description was that given by the small boy who said his eyes were 'leaking' and half his nose would not 'go.'

"Prevention is a more important matter. It is hard to prevent an unknown evil. A glance at the list of possible causes must force the admission that they are to a considerable extent beyond our control. But we can raise our resistance to infection by sleeping with open windows and taking such things as cod-liver oil which, owing to their high vitamin content, increase our resistance to infectious germs. In some cases an unhealthy condition of the nose and throat may be largely responsible for recurrent attacks of colds; and in these cases a visit to a nose and throat specialist may be a very good investment.

"If we assume the cause of a cold to be a germ, we may take certain of the precautions proved to be useful against well-known germ diseases. By avoiding the company of patients in the acute stage of a cold, and by shunning places where people are crowded together, we may escape infection. This advice must often be a counsel of perfection. The average human being cannot, even if he wanted to do so, live as a hermit. If he is well fed, well clothed and not overworked, the odds are that contact with others will not hurt him.

"Many pin their faith to antiseptics. They gargle with lotions, douche their noses with sprays, suck lozenges and fumigate their rooms with more or less malodorous drugs such as sulphur or formalin. Antiseptics used in this way must make the most solemn germ smile. The disinfectant which is strong enough to kill every germ must also damage the lining of the mouth, throat and nose; and the disinfectant which is weak enough not to injure these structures can have little influence on germs.

"Vaccines are said to be more effective in the prevention than in the treatment of a fully developed cold. While some doctors and patients swear by them, others have found them useless.

"There is one sovereign remedy for a cold. It is so homely and simple that one dare hardly mention it. It is to go to bed at once and stay there till the cold is over. If this practice were always adopted, it is safe to claim that thousands of lives would be saved every year. Most of us neglect this advice because, consciously or unconsciously, we argue that it is a hundred to one that a cold will not prove a serious illness if we keep up and about. But when a disease is universal, and this is the case with the cold, a one in a hundred or even a one in a thousand mortality is appalling. It means colossal losses and great suffering. Certainly everyone who is not young and robust, and who can afford to do so, should treat his cold by going to bed. And if the calls of duty forbid rest in bed, the risk of a cold leading to a serious illness may be greatly reduced by keeping warm and dry, and by not overworking. The appeal of this last piece of advice will doubtless be irresistible to many."

With the Help of Mr. Lincoln

LESLIE G. CAMERON

Illustrations by Blanche Greer

FORTY children were busy with rulers, pencils and erasers. Only Elenka was idle; not that she wanted to be, but she didn't understand what to do. There seemed to be so many things she could not understand in this big, sunny school-room.

Once Miss Helen, the "so-pretty" teacher, had caught a hurt, bewildered look in Elenka's eyes, and she meant to find time just as soon as she possibly could to get acquainted with her new Macedonian pupil. She was charmed by Elenka's pretty face and she liked the dress of homespun, handwoven in the old country, that Elenka's mother, new to American fashions, had tried to remodel. But the little girl's language was strange in that Italian district, and Miss Helen had found no one who understood it.

Elenka looked unhappily at the others absorbed in drawing lines on the paper. When one just sits hour after hour, and goes out to recess and stands by a big brick wall, then comes back to sit for another hour or two, the day is rather miserable. A lump came into Elenka's throat every time she remembered how she and her mother had waited with joyful expectation for six years to come to America. And now the land of promise had proved to be a land of heartache for her. What more would there ever be in life to hope for?

Six years it had taken *tata* (father) working in America as a watchman to save money for *maika* (mother) and Elenka to sail across the Atlantic. Then, two weeks after they had settled in their four pretty rooms, *maika* had been taken sick. How fast troubles came after that! *Tata* took care of *maika* day-times, but one night when he should have punched a big time-clock he was asleep, and the next day the people at the place where he worked told him not to come back. In a little while the landlord told them they must move out of the pretty rooms. Then

Benito swung the blackboard pointer to his shoulder like a gun and began pacing back and forth by the chairs



they moved again, and again, until now they had only two rooms. Never before in her life had Elenka known two rooms could be so dark and airless. In their one-room cottage in Macedonia there had always been plenty of sun and air.

A policeman had come to these rooms a week before and told *tata* that Elenka must go to school. But that was fine! She had been in the *druge razred* (the second grade) at home, and always when the teacher had said, "Who knows?" her hand had been one of the first to wave in the air. And often when she finished her reading lesson her teacher had cried, "Bravo, Elenka!"

But here in America everything was terribly different! In place of a whitewashed, one-story schoolhouse where everyone knew everyone else

and there was one teacher, there was a great brick building, high and wide with long halls and innumerable rooms. And there seemed to be dozens of teachers. If only Elenka could make one of them understand how frightened she was and how lonely! But no, though these teachers dressed like the most elegant *veliki dama* (grand ladies) and smiled kindly at her, they knew only one language. All the teachers in Macedonia knew two or three, anyway, and the one in Elenka's village spoke eight. There there was no danger of an eight-year-old's sitting silently in school a whole long day.

Elenka watched curly-headed Margarita Marrello erase a line; Margarita was always energetic with her eraser. Then she gave a little gasp. A queer, numb feeling was coming over her. This was the second time today. Yes, the blackboards, windowplants, Miss Helen's desk and a tall glass bowl of gold fish were moving away, farther and farther, almost out of sight. She knew from experience that in a moment they would come back, so she waited, breathless and shaky. She was especially glad when Miss Helen's desk settled firmly in place again because of its vase with three narcissus. All the morning Elenka's unhappy eyes had sought these stately flowers. And now, suddenly, she saw the spring fields of Macedonia, thickly starred with narcissus — thousands of them swaying in tall grass, tossing fragrance to every passer-by. Today her friends in the village would be picking more than their hands could hold, while here in America she could only look at three on the teacher's desk.

That thought was too much. In spite of all that Elenka could do, a sob broke through the quiet room. Instantly she felt forty pairs of curious eyes on her. Swiftly Miss Helen came to her side and put a gentle arm around her. Elenka's sobs came faster and more noisily. She tried to tell Miss Helen about the Macedonian fields and the *druge razred*, but Miss Helen could not understand. However, she did see the little hand pointing to the flowers.

"What is it, dear? The flowers? Do you want one? See, here are all of them." Then pretty Miss Helen turned to the others and said, "Now we will all put away our rulers and pencils and have our story-hour. Perhaps we can help Elenka understand about kind Mr. Lincoln."

The sobs ceased and the teacher stood beside Elenka listening to Angelo's vivid story, but she was thinking: "How thin Elenka is! How she trembles! I wish we could understand each other."

Clutching the flowers, Elenka tried to listen, but she had no idea what Angelo's story was all about until the children acted it.

"Come, dear, you are going to be the soldier boy," said Miss Helen, and before Elenka knew what was expected of her she was sitting on the floor in front of the other children leaning against the wall. Angelo, who undertook to be stage-director, blinked and batted his eyes until she saw what she must do. With frequent peeps to see if this was right, she pretended to be asleep. In a little while Benito, who always put the windows up or down when Miss Helen asked him, pulled her to her feet, led her to a corner of the room, put a row of chairs in front of her, swung the blackboard pointer to his shoulder like a gun and began pacing back and forth by the chairs. How interesting! Elenka's eyes grew bright. She had been asleep and now she was in prison. Why, she wondered. *Tata* had slept after he had taken care of *maika* two whole days and now they wouldn't give him any money, and *maika* grew sicker and sicker, and sometimes there wasn't even any bread. But *tata* wasn't a soldier. America was a strange country! In Macedonia it was no sin to sleep whenever and wherever one wished if one wasn't a soldier. Was she, perhaps, a girl soldier in Angelo's and Benito's game?

Angelo sat at Miss Helen's desk, thinking deeply. Curly-headed Margarita walked toward him. Margarita seemed to be in great trouble. When she reached the desk, she threw herself at Angelo's feet, pointed desperately toward Elenka, wailed and wrung her hands. Just so *Baba* (grandmother) Jovanovitch had cried a year ago when she found robbers had been into her cottage and stolen her holiday dress. Higher and higher rose Margarita's pleading voice. She pressed a fervent kiss on Angelo's ankle. The second grade was thrilled, including wide-eyed Elenka, who, watching Angelo assist the sufferer to arise, wished she could understand Margarita's broken words.

"Mister Limcum, Mister Limcum," Margarita was saying. "I ain't askin' nothin' but please to save my son. I'm all the mother he's got, and he's dearer 'n life to me."

Angelo sat at the desk again and wrote. His brow puckered, he looked at the flag draped on the opposite wall, sighed heavily, then wrote again. Majestically he beckoned Benito, who dashed to the desk, saluted briskly and accepted the written paper from Angelo. Margarita burst into tears of joy and clasped Angelo's hand to her cheek while Benito flung aside the chairs so that

Margarita might catch Elenka in her arms and drop tears on the Macedonian child's inquiring face.

This much Elenka understood: Angelo was a Mr. Limcum who wrote a paper that freed an unwise sleeper from prison. While Elenka was trying to fit all the fragments of the story together in her mind, Miss Helen talked, and then all the children rushed to the window and pointed.

How could Elenka know that a statue of Abraham Lincoln stood in the neighboring park? She supposed Miss Helen meant that the kind-hearted, powerful letter-writer lived in the big green place opposite the school. It was because she thought this that she trudged across the street at four o'clock. Since she had understood about Mr. Limecum without knowing his language, surely he would understand her story about *tata*, and sick *maika* and no money, and *tata* walking the city all day trying to get some, and no bread for breakfast, and the queer, numb feelings. It wasn't quite clear in her mind just what she was going to do, but maybe she would kneel and wring her hands like Margarita.

But there were no houses in the green place. There was no one to whom Elenka could speak of *tata* and bread. Some children ran past her, and a workman was trimming trees, but no one noticed her. She turned into another path, and there she saw a man walking around a bed of yellow flowers. He seemed grave and thoughtful. Probably this was Mr. Limecum taking a walk in his garden. The man had a kind face and she approached him timidly. He glanced around and smiled. The smile brought certainty to Elenka. "Mister Limcum, Mister Limcum!" she said.

"Lincoln?" repeated the park superintendent in surprise. "There's his statue." Elenka's eyes followed the pointing finger. Why, that was a stone man. She looked back to the kind eyes. "Mister Limcum," she said again with a little

catch in her voice. How could one weep to a big stone person standing high up in the air? How could one fall at his feet and kiss his ankle in Margarita's way? How could a stone man help *tata*?

Fifteen years before the park superintendent had come to America from southern Europe and had found America cold and lonely. Gradually he had made friends, and now he loved this land

very much. He saw a change in Elenka's face. Of course he did not know about the numb, queer feeling, but he did understand the terrible disappointment in her eyes. All at once Elenka slumped to the ground.

Then in a little while she learned that America is not cold and heartless and that as soon as America understands she is kind. In his arms the park superintendent carried Elenka to the hospital, then looked about for someone who could speak her language. It was not long before Elenka was telling a man of her own country all about com-

ing to America, about *maika*'s sickness and *tata*'s troubles and the story-play of Mr. Limecum.

The next morning a big newspaper printed across its page, WHAT WOULD ABRAHAM LINCOLN DO FOR ELENKA?

People seemed to think he would do many kind things if he were living and that they must do them in his place. The very next day after the story appeared *tata* found work, and soon *maika* began to get better. There was bread for breakfast, and the queer numb feeling came no more to Elenka. The family moved back into the four pretty rooms, America became again a land of promise and school a happy room where Elenka quickly learned American words and ways.

And nowadays, deep in Elenka's heart is an abiding love for a great man about whom she has learned many beautiful stories. She knows now that Abraham Lincoln, with "malice toward none" in his own life, left to America—to busy, earnest, rushing America—his great spirit of kindness and tender understanding.



The park superintendent carried Elenka to the hospital



The man with the tall black hat (right) is Kurban Attabaieff, a typical Turkoman "prominent citizen." He lives in the oasis of Merv, so perhaps our little Latvian refugee knew him when she was there. With him is Mr. Graham Taylor, to whom we are indebted for all these pictures

One of Mr. Attabaieff's wives (left) is taking bread from her oven. The stove is just this hollow dome, made of clay, with a hole in the top. When the fire built on the ground inside has become a bed of coals, the flat pieces of dough are stuck against the inside walls



On the Steppes of Turkestan

AT THE beginning of the World War, Latvia was, as you know, a part of Russia. It sided against Germany and in 1915 was invaded by German troops. Then for five years the armies, sometimes of Germans, sometimes of Russian Bolsheviks, fought back and forth on Latvia's soil. The Latvians left their distracted land by thousands and many of them went into far Russia. After things began to quiet down, numbers of these refugees returned. This story, written by a little girl of such a refugee family, appeared in the Latvian Junior Red Cross magazine when she was thirteen years old and a pupil in a school in Riga.

WE LEFT Cesis in Latvia and set out by Moscow for Middle Asia where we settled in the town of Merv. There live Turkomans and Afghans. They are very hospitable. There is no winter in this land, and the people sow wheat and barley and cultivate the cotton-plant and oil-tree. They also much occupy themselves with the cultivation of the grapevine, melons and other fruit. Of forest beasts I saw wolves, goats and wild swine. The most beautiful of the local birds are pheasants, which resemble our cocks. One must also mention the turtles which I saw there. The turtle has a head like a snake's and when it is touched, it hisses like a snake. It lays eggs like our hens.

It usually lays eggs on hills where there is more of the sunshine. In the warmth of the sun little turtles hatch out and begin to look for food for themselves immediately after hatching. In the day-time turtles keep in dry places, but towards the evening they seek water for drinking.

The natives have no stoves like ours. Stoves there are round, cask-like. The people heat them hot, make a hard dough and attach the unbaked cakes to the inside of the stove. They do not look at the clock, but after a time take the cakes out. They bake pies with meat on live embers. In order to find whether a pie is done, they try it with a bit of straw. If steam still comes out of it, the pie is not yet ready.

It does not rain there. Fields and gardens are watered artificially with machines or by means of ditches. The people do not use scythes in reaping grain, but crop it with a sickle. Most of all I liked the roses that blossomed there twice in a year—in April and in August.

Next we went and settled for a time in a little town in Semiretchensk. This is pronounced Sem-er-ye-chensk and means "seven rivers" for there are that many large streams in the territory. It was difficult for us to start life here. Roads were bad and unknown. There were mountains and valleys, and we had to cross rivers without any bridges. Waterfalls were terrible.

One day we left the



Melons, tied with rushes, are hung up for sale. Mr. Taylor says that the melons grown by the Turkomans and by the Sarts, their neighbors on the east, are far and away the most wonderful melons in the world

town and went to visit local Kirghiz in the village of Kensus. Going down a steep hill our cart overturned on the bank of the stream at the foot of the hill. Bags tumbled down on us. Meanwhile, it became dark and we had to camp in the open.

Later we removed to a village on a mountain slope. The Kirghiz live in "yurtas," round tents made of red felt. In mountains and valleys bloomed beautiful roses and other



Turkoman boys. The tall sheepskin hats which most of them have on (see also Mr. Attabaieff on opposite page) are worn the year 'round. They are warm in winter and save one from sunstroke in summer



Two "yurtas" or "kibitkas" in which some of Mr. Attabaieff's numerous wives and children lived. The framework is of wood, with ribs for the dome. The walls are of matting and the dome is felt made of camels' hair. The Kirghiz also live in "yurtas"

flowers, and there were great eagles, hawks, and mountain-owls. The hawks there are as big as our geese. Rich Kirghiz have about 5,000 cattle. Such a herd is called "tabun." Horses, cows, sheep, asses and camels pasture together in a "tabun." Such a "tabun" requires three or four shepherds and it pastures through the whole year. Instead of horses the Kirghiz use camels and oxen for beasts of burden. With oxen they till fields and go on journeys. Horses are used only for riding. A five or six months old ram weighs seventy-two pounds. In his tail the ram has a piece of fat which weighs from ten to fifteen

pounds and more. The Kirghiz feast all their neighbors when a ram is killed.

The Kirghiz sow poppies, in the cultivation of which they are very skilled. When the poppies have shed their blossoms, the planters wait till the heads ripen. Then comes the time of cropping, which starts about 10 o'clock in the morning. For this work there are special small knives. They cut off only half of the head from which a white liquid, like milk, flows out. This stands till next morning, when it is taken off with the aid of a small scraper. Then the liquid looks yellow as wax. It is called opium or black gold.

We built our hut of clay, for it is difficult to get wood there. For heating we, like everybody there, used dung, of which we moulded brick-like pieces. We cultivated twenty-four acres of land. On one acre we sowed poppies and this gave a good income. In the first year we tilled land with only one horse. In the second year we had four horses, nine sheep, three calves, two cows and sixty hens. Eggs were not sold, for they were cheap there, as everybody had many hens. Everywhere in the high grass were nests of eggs.



Primitive plowing in the land of the Turkomans. One of Mr. Attabaieff's men giving a demonstration of how his plow, which consists of a single large wooden prong, works. Oxen are used for plowing



In the northern part of the Kirghiz Steppes the winters are very severe and snow is on the ground for several months. The Kirghiz use camels and oxen for beasts of burden. Horses are only for riding

The Old Couple

II. How Grandfather Fox wished to improve Grandmother Fox, and what came of it

LILA BUBELOVA

ONE DAY Grandmother Fox was not at all well. She did not relish anything, and her coat was not bright as at other times. Grandfather Fox said to himself that a nice chicken would at any rate be a dainty bit for her. So he went off at full speed in the direction of the gamekeeper's lodge, and there he waited until the gamekeeper went off with his dog. As Brook, the dog, was on a leash, Grandfather Fox had no fear of him. He crept up to the fence through which the fowls entered the wood, and luck was with him. A fowl came through, and before it knew what was happening Grandfather Fox snapped it by the neck and carried it off home. He went, not by the shortest path, but zigzagging through the wood and doubling on his tracks so that not even the smartest dog in the world could have tracked him. Grandfather was still a crafty fellow!

Grandfather Fox's idea proved correct. Grandmother Fox not only ate the fowl with relish, but was greatly flattered that her husband had risked danger on her account.

"That'll do, however," she said; "we are old and we must be glad that we are still alive and well. It would be a pity if anything should happen to us."

But the gamekeeper did not let the matter rest. He was annoyed about the loss of the fowl. He saw from the way his dog sniffed around the fence that a fox had been at work, and he himself found some traces or other and these led him to the lair of the old couple's eldest daughter. This was

at the very opposite end of the forest. The gamekeeper called in the help of the woodmen. They guarded the hole, and then dug out the mother fox and three young ones. Father Fox fled in distress a long way off to some other woods. What happened to the mother and her three little ones need not be told.

The old couple heard of this disaster. Grandmother Fox wept and Grandfather Fox consoled her. Suddenly they remembered that their daughter had had four children, and they had been told that the keeper and his men had captured only three. What had become of the fourth? Had he remained in the hole?

Grandmother and Grandfather set out to see. At length they arrived at the den and sure enough they heard a whining noise and there found the fourth little one. He was lying at the edge of the second entrance to the hole where neither men nor dogs had searched. There he had had air and so had not perished. He was the youngest, and had been his mother's darling.

Grandmother Fox took the little one in her arms, and she and Grandfather Fox made for home. The latter said to himself: "He's already big enough to get on without his mammy, and he will be quite at home with us. The place will also be brighter for him."

And it was. Rufus was as real a fox as ever was born in foxdom. He was very fond of Grandfather Fox and Grandmother Fox, too, though she was more strict with him, being anxious to make a respectable character of him.



Grandmother Fox took the little one in her arms

The Old World in the New

MISS CAME-
RON'S story
of Elenka
from Macedonia
made us think you
would like to have
something about real
children from abroad
who, like Elenka,
have made the United
States their new
home. We begin with
two letters from an
album now on its way
to Czechoslovakia
from the Mt. Hope
School, Wharton,
New Jersey. Michael
Subelka told about
his school:

"We are boys and
girls of the sixth
grade. We go to the
Mount Hope School, and our nearest post office
is Wharton, New Jersey. We live in northern
New Jersey and the place we live is a mining
camp. There are only about seven hundred peo-
ple living here. Most of the men work in the
iron ore mines.

"We would like to become friends with you.
There are twenty-nine boys and girls in our room
and the parents of seventeen of them came from
Czechoslovakia. A year and a half ago a boy in
our class came from Czechoslovakia. There are
eight rooms and seven teachers and about three
hundred boys and girls.

"We often wonder about you. We would like
to know if you play the same games and study
the same books as we do. Will you please write
and tell us what you play and what you study?
We are studying about the geography of your
country and often wonder if you study the geog-
raphy of New Jersey."

Steven Novak, the boy from Czechoslovakia
mentioned in Michael's letter, wrote:

"My name is Steven Novak. I am fourteen
years old. I have been in America about a year
and a half. Before I came to America I lived in
Czechoslovakia. My father was living in Amer-
ica and he wanted me to come and live with him.

"When I left home I went to Hamburg, Ger-



The sixth grade of Mt. Hope School in Wharton, N. J. Since the class made their portfolio Michael Subelka has moved to New York to live so he is not in the picture. Steven Novak is the boy in the front row

many, and took a
boat for America.
It stopped at Liv-
erpool, England, then
at Halifax, and the
last stop was at New
York City, where my
father met me. I
came all alone.

"The day after I
reached my father's
home I started to Mt.
Hope School and
have been there ever
since. When I left
Czechoslovakia I was
in the fourth grade.
They put me in the
fourth grade here,
too. Now I am in the
sixth grade.

"Everyone in
school helped to

teach me how to talk the American language.
At first everything was strange and different,
but my new friends helped me and made me
happy, so I soon became used to my new home.
My teacher tells me I read, write and talk the
English language very well. Now I am very
happy here in America. When I grow up I am
going to be a citizen of the United States of Amer-
ica like my father."

IN MORGANTOWN, West Virginia, the Ju-
nior Red Cross organization is doing interest-
ing things most all the time. A good many
people from Czechoslovakia live in that town and
work in the tin mill and the glass factories there.
(You know how famous the Bohemians are as
glass workers.)

One day a teacher in one of the Morgantown
schools asked her children to bring in some of the
old-country things they had in their homes. They
brought quantities of beautiful Czech embroid-
eries, and handwork from Bulgaria and Poland.
They also brought some costumes. The teacher
put on a wonderful wedding costume that had
been worn by the mother of one of the children
and brought in her chest when she came to Amer-
ica. Some of the children put on the costumes
that had been worn by members of the family



Some "new Americans" who live in Morgantown, W. Va. They are, from left to right: Anna Geygo, Mike Sbandik, Elizabeth De Lazar, Steve Pyecha and Helen Pyecha

when they landed at Ellis Island on the threshold of the great adventure into a strange land. Then the teacher and the children, all dressed up, piled into an automobile and visited the other schools in town. The children sang the songs of their countries or told little stories in their native tongue and exhibited the things that had been brought from overseas. One boy said he didn't want to go because he thought the others might laugh at him all dressed up in his costume. But the teacher persuaded him to go and, of course, nobody laughed. They were much too interested. In an album they were sending to Czechoslovakia the boys and girls of Sabraton School wrote:

"DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

"The Sabraton Building of Morgantown, West Virginia, in the United States, received your three portfolios this morning. We thank you with a gratitude which comes from the very depths of our hearts.

"There are many Slavic children in our school. Steve Pyecha found a page put up by his cousin and Mike Sbandik found the picture of the church he attended before coming to America.

"We are sending you another portfolio."

THE next two letters were in an album from the Main Street School in Tuckahoe, New

York, to a school in Norway. The first is from Jennie Alechnowicz, who wrote:

"I am a little girl from Lithuania. I came to America on a big boat. I am nine years old. I am in the second grade. Boys and girls, when I came from my faraway country I could not speak nor read English. Now I can do both. My brother came to America last Saturday. I was glad to see him. He is going to learn to read and speak English, too."

Another "new American" in the same school wrote:

"My name is Eugene Cornacchia. I was born in the village of Monteleone, Italy, September 24, 1917. I came to America in January, 1927. I entered the Main Street School. Then I didn't know a word of English, and now, after attending school for a year, I have learned to speak English pretty well and can read English books. I am in the fourth grade."

MARGARET MIDTSATRE is now in the fourth grade of the Cromwell School in Gig Harbor, Washington. This is the letter she contributed to the album which that school, away up there in our Northwest, sent down to Cuba:

"I want to tell you how it looks in Norway. I was born in Norway. I came to the United States when I was ten years old, which was last year.

"In Norway we used to use wooden shoes, wool dresses and wool stockings because of the cold. When we used to go to school we used high shoes and mittens and long coats. We dressed warmly because we had to walk two miles.

"In summer the grass is brown and tall. In spring it is green. When we took the hay in the barn we tramped it down and we had much fun sliding down the stacks of hay.

"I liked winter time in Norway better than summer time, because of the snow. We had a sled and we sat on it and coasted down the hills. We stood on our skis and went down the roads and steep hills. When the water froze we took our skates and skated on the ice. We threw snowballs at each other. When we came home we were so cold that we had to stand by the stove for a long time. Would you write to me about your good times?"



Margaret and Signe Midtsatre with their little brother and sister. The picture was taken in Norway before they came last year to live in Gig Harbor

Porto Rican School Lunches and Gardens

H. C. THOMPSON

SCHOOL lunches and school gardens did not mean much to me until one bright morning I went on an excursion with the Superintendent of Rural Schools and the Superintendent of Agriculture in Schools for the Island.

Our first stop was a regular country school, with garden and lunchroom. The school itself was built like a fort, cool and airy, in a setting of coconuts and other trees, some of which had not resisted the hurricane as well as the tough coconuts, although they had hidden their scars and stumps with masses of fresh young foliage. At the side was the *comedor*, or lunchroom. Its tables, covered with clean white oilcloth, were set and a caldron of thick soup, full of vegetables, chick-peas and meat, was steaming over the fire holes of a typical Spanish stove, with its series of charcoal braziers in heavy masonry. Long loaves of whole wheat bread with plenty of good crust lay on the cupboard shelves. Back of the school was a neat vegetable garden which would soon be producing materials for the soup and salad. In this school, as in the much larger one we were to visit next, the teachers were all born Porto Ricans, educated on the Island. But their English, spoken with an attractive accent, was excellent.

Our visit over, we again sped along the smooth highway in the open country and finally drew up at a school with a six-acre farm—not a school garden, but a real department for training young farmers in modern agricultural methods along with their regular schooling.

We were ushered into a seventh grade class, about to recite its history lesson. The pupils, all from Spanish speaking homes, hear English only in school, yet without hesitation, answering questions as quickly as put, they told in English of the schemes of those bold old voyagers for getting to the Indies, sailing their tubby little galleons into unknown seas and unknown perils—told it with as much zest as if they were giving out a fresh piece of news. Around the blackboards were spirited drawings in colored chalk of such scenes as the landing of Columbus.

In the screened seed house on the farm we saw radishes, onions, cabbages, lettuce, peas, beans and tomatoes—all northern vegetables but well



A Porto Rican school garden where the children learn to grow the vegetables needed to round out the native diet

adapted to Porto Rico—sprouting in boxes. Outside were the beds in which the seedlings were being transplanted. Boys were spading and hoeing as if they enjoyed it. There was a pen of blooded pigs, a wire-net fence protecting a brood of prize chickens, and there was a warren of rabbits, also blooded stock. The boys learn here that it is as easy to raise the best as the worst, and that it pays to bother only with the best.

At lunch time a line of pupils began to move into a green wooden house, which stood alone. Inside were rows of tables covered with white oilcloth and set for luncheon. The fragrant steam of a big pot of stew filled the room. At the side of the Spanish brick-stove, the teacher of home economics was pouring ladles of stew over mounds of white rice. Besides this substantial dish, there was bread with thick crust, and plates of radish salad, grown in the school garden. Each pupil sat patiently until all were served.

School lunches and school gardens are real things in Porto Rico. They teach the girls improved ways of cooking and keeping house and sound ideas of nutrition. They teach the boys how to make a home plot of rich Porto Rican soil furnish the vegetables needed to round out the native diet which is too often just rice, red beans and dried cod fish. Moreover, school lunches keep children from homes of poverty well nourished. The members of the Junior Red Cross of the mainland may well feel proud of what they have done for their Island comrades over here.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published Monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1929, by the American National Red Cross.

Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

Vol. 10 FEBRUARY, 1929 No. 6

National Officers of the American Red Cross

CALVIN COOLIDGE.....President
WILLIAM H. TAFT.....Vice-President
ROBERT W. DE FOREST.....Vice-President

JOHN BARTON PAYNE.....Chairman Central Committee
WILLIAM D. MITCHELL.....Counselor
OGDEN L. MILLS.....Treasurer
MABEL T. BOARDMAN.....Secretary
JAMES L. FIESER.....Vice-Chairman
ERNEST P. BICKNELL.....Vice-Chairman

H. B. WILSON.....Director, Junior Red Cross
A. L. SCHAFER.....Associate Director, Junior Red Cross
ELLEN MCBRYDE BROWN.....Editor, Junior Red Cross Publications

My first wish is to see the whole world at peace and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers, striving to see which should contribute most to the happiness of mankind.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"I AM AN AMERICAN"

WE QUOTE the following from a pageant called "The Light," written by Catherine T. Bryce, when she was assistant superintendent of schools in Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Bryce did not write these lines herself, and says she can not remember where she found them. We have not been able to find their source, either, but maybe one of you can tell us who wrote them. The first part is supposed to be recited by a descendant of the original English settlers of the seventeenth century:

"I am an American.

My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution;

My mother, to the Colonial Dames.

One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston Harbor; Another stood his ground with Warren;

Another hungered with Washington at Valley Forge.

My forefathers were America in the making:

They spoke in her council halls; They commanded her ships; They cleared her forest.

Dawns reddened and paled. Staunch hearts of mine beat fast at each new star

In the nation's flag.

Keen eyes of mine foresaw her greater glory:

The sweep of her seas,

The plenty of her plains,

The man-hives in her billion-wired cities.

Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of Patriotism.

I am proud of my past.

I am an American."

There is something rather sad about the second part, because we know that often the hopes of the immigrant are so terribly disappointed when he reaches the land of his dreams. In Canada, you know, it is one of the aims of the Red Cross and of the Junior Red Cross to make the newcomers feel more at home in a strange country:

"I am an American.

My father was an atom of dust,

My mother, a straw in the wind,

To his Serene Majesty.

One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia.

Another was crippled for life by twenty blows of the knout;

Another was killed defending his home during the massacres.

But then the dream came—

The dream of America.

In the light of the Liberty torch

The atom of dust became a man

And the straw in the wind became a woman

For the first time.

'See,' said my father, pointing to the flag that fluttered near,

'That flag of stars and stripes is yours;

It is the emblem of the promised land.

It means, my son, the hope of humanity.

Live for it—die for it!

Under the open sky of my new country I swore to do so;

And every drop of blood in me will keep that vow.

I am proud of my future.

I am an American."

A CIZEK PICTURE

THIS black and white copy gives no idea of the lovely colors in the picture "Spring,"



"Spring," by Herta Zukermann

which was made by a pupil of the famous Cizek Art School in Vienna. Numbers of beautiful colored reproductions of this picture have recently become available for purchase. They are approximately 18 inches square. Framed and shel-lacked, one makes a charming decoration for any room. The cost is 50 cents each, postage included. Special arrangements may be made for 1,000 or more. For information, address the Austrian Junior Red Cross, Stuben-ring 1, Vienna, Austria.

A Prince of Scientists

ELIZABETH McNEELY KEHR

THE LONDON dusk was fast closing in as a shabbily dressed little boy came running across the cobblestones in Jacob's Well Mews and up a flight of stairs to the rooms over the old coach-house. He was smiling happily, thinking of all he had seen that afternoon at the blacksmith shop. The clanging hammer, the gay red sparks, the terribly hot iron, his father's swift, sure motions—he could have watched for hours longer. Even the most exciting marble games with the boys in Spanish Place did not compare with the smithy.

"So here you are at last, my Michael!" His mother's voice greeted him as he came in. Mrs. Faraday had meant to be stern, but, seeing his face, she forgot her intention. The dingy, cramped little home above the stables seemed somehow always brighter when Michael came into it. "He is like sunshine," she thought to herself.

Presently she called him into the kitchen. "Here is your loaf of bread for the week, son," she said. "Be diligent and cheerful, and God will bless it for you."

Michael took the loaf thoughtfully and walked away. It was small and coarse, but it did not occur to him to complain. Though only nine, he well knew what that "bad year" of 1801 in London meant and how relieved his parents had been, with flour so high, to get the public relief ration.

A few minutes afterward his mother found him busily dividing the loaf into fourteen pieces, two for each of the seven days. She was surprised to see how exactly he calculated and how cleverly he used the knife. "Those hands," she thought, "were never meant for blacksmithing."

But surely even Michael Faraday's mother could not have imagined that one day her boy's hands, working with marvelous skill in a famous London laboratory, would show the world how to set to work one of its greatest and most mysterious forces, electricity, which was then considered fit only for pretty laboratory tricks. If she



It was over these cobblestones and up these stairs that Michael ran to reach home

could have seen half the world's wheels turning, its cities lighted, its messages transmitted, its people carried to and fro and a myriad other needs and wants supplied because of what her son would learn about electric currents, how overwhelmed she would have been!

Michael's father was often too sick to be at the smithy. Elizabeth, Robert and baby May, besides Michael, needed clothes and food, so he and his brother had to leave school and go to work. The year he was thirteen Michael began delivering papers for Mr. Riebau, a bookseller

nearby. In London then scarcely anyone could afford to subscribe for a paper. Instead, each customer "rented" one just long enough to read it and returned it to the newsboy, who took it on to the next renter.

One day he came home in great excitement. "Mother, mother," he cried, "I'm to be Mr. Riebau's apprentice!" Better still, because of Michael's good service as newsboy, his father would not be charged the usual fee for the apprenticeship. It was a proud day in the Faraday household.

In the bookshop Michael learned all about



In Mr. Riebau's bookstore Michael learned all about binding books

binding and repairing books and papers. How tired he got, stitching, gluing, nailing and cutting! Sometimes, though, he had time to look inside the books he was handling. One morning, toiling away in the dim little shop on the clumsy Encyclopedia Britannica, he came across an article on "Electricity." It excited him beyond measure. Here was something worth investigating, indeed! In spite of the poor print and dry language in use in those days, Michael read book after book on this fascinating subject and in the evenings succeeded in making an electrical machine that would spark gloriously.

There were no science courses in the schools then, except in a few technical colleges. But if one knew about them, there were lectures. One winter Michael attended a series on "natural philosophy," as science was commonly called then. There he met many other young Londoners as keen about science as he was and afterwards they would meet and discuss what they had heard, and lend each other books.

Then Michael determined he would make notes on the lectures as a real scientist would.

"My handwriting will never do," he decided, and patiently taught himself a new style, with small, neat letters. "I could never show my drawings to anyone," he then admitted sadly to himself. It was really frightfully discouraging. Try as he would, the instruments or pieces of apparatus the lecturer had used looked all awry and lopsided in his pictures. But a foreign artist, M. Masquerier, who lodged at Mr. Riebau's, lent him books on perspective and after many nights of practicing from models in these, Michael was able to illustrate the experiments in fine fashion.

By this time he was nineteen and had several boys working under him at the bookshop. Customers were attracted by the slender young assistant with the unusually fine manners and the intelligent mind. "Perhaps you would like to hear Sir Humphrey Davy at the Royal Institution?" one of them remarked unexpectedly one day. "You may have these four tickets if you like." Would he? Michael's face answered for him.

Sir Humphrey Davy was third in the line of great scientists who had been invited to the

Royal Institution since its founding in 1800, to work on discoveries that would help Great Britain and the world. He had just been making some famous chemical experiments and all who could get seats were crowding to the Friday evening lectures to hear about them.

Sitting in the gallery right over the clock, young Michael Faraday gave scarcely a thought to the distinguished audience below him in the lecture-theatre. Back and forth, back and forth his eyes traveled from the lecturer down at the front to the notes he was taking. He had to write

and sketch very fast, for as Sir Humphrey talked his hands were all the time moving deftly among the gleaming beakers and tubes, the strange-colored gases and the flickering little flames on the horseshoe-shaped table. A young man standing at his right handed him whatever he needed. "Ah," sighed Michael, enviously, "what wouldn't I give to be in that fellow's place?"

Not long afterward, when Faraday was twenty-one and a journeyman bookbinder, he took a daring step. He sent Davy his notes of those four lectures, beautifully illustrated, indexed and bound, with a letter saying how much he wished to become a



Michael Faraday—from a painting by John Phillip

scientist.

"What shall we do with him?" said Sir Humphrey, who was interested because he, too, had had to make his own way.

"Put him to washing bottles," said one of his friends.

"No, sir," said Davy, "he must have something better than that." And a few months later Michael was waked out of bed one night with word that he was wanted at the Royal Institution as assistant!

There was plenty of drudgery and some risk in young Faraday's new work. He must get everything ready for the lectures, clean and keep the instruments and collections in order and help Sir Humphrey in experiments with evil smelling gases. Moreover, in a month and a half they had four bad explosions, one of which made the young assistant unconscious where he stood. But risks and drudgery didn't bother Michael particularly. He was at last in the track of what he wanted to do.

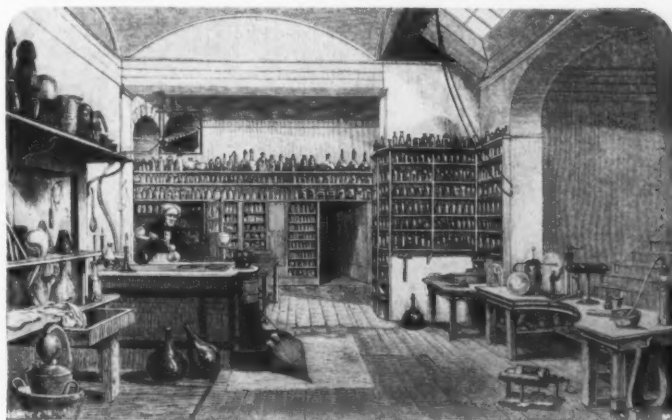
"Well, Faraday," said Sir Humphrey one day, "pack up your bags, for we are going abroad and I shall need you to write for me." Traveling with a pass from the Emperor Napoleon, for this was in 1813 and Europe was in a state of war, they visited France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany and Holland. Everywhere they met great scientists and saw their work. That was Michael's university course—a better one, no doubt, than he could have had in any college of that day. When he became director of the Royal Institution laboratories in 1825, these men remembered him and became his friends.

In 1821 Michael married Sarah Barnard, daughter of one of the elders in the little church he attended.

Some say that Mrs. Faraday was the first to see her husband's demonstration of how a magnet needle and a current-carrying wire affect each other. "There they go! there they go! We have succeeded at last," cried Faraday, one Christmas morning as he danced madly about the room, when, after months of work, he saw them revolving.

This was extremely important because it pointed the way to the use of great magnets in dynamos and motors. Electricity from batteries was already known, but Faraday showed how a steady, powerful current might be obtained by rotating a coil in the "field" around a magnet. He performed 158 great experiments and wrote more than five thousand paragraphs about them.

They took years to do. He had to give up all his outside work for British manufacturers and inventors, which paid so well, and have for himself and Mrs. Faraday only the "100£ per annum, with house, coals and candles," from the Royal Institution. Other men could invent processes and machinery; it was his part, Faraday thought, to find new forces and new laws for them to work by. And so he declined many other positions and honors in order to be free for his laboratory work. He seemed, as someone said, to "smell the truth." He completed in all more than sixteen thousand experiments and gave hundreds of Friday night lectures.



Faraday's laboratory at the Royal Institution. Every day of our lives we have cause to be grateful for the thousands of experiments he made there

During the Christmas holidays of 1827 and every year afterward for nineteen years Faraday gave lectures for children. He seemed to have a special gift for making things interesting. For example, there was his series about "The Chemical History of a Candle." He brought candle wood from the Irish bogs, candles of Russian tallow, spermaceti and bees'-wax, a candle that had lain under ocean in the wreck of the *Royal George* since 1782, one from one of the newly opened ports of Japan and one bought the day before at a cheap London shop. By the time all these and many others had been lighted on the horse-shoe table, the children knew a great deal about candle making. Then off they went for a magical hour finding out the secrets of the pretty tapering flame—its hottest part, its "chimney" of air current, why it burns but doesn't blaze, the vapors it forms and what becomes of them, and on and on until they were very deep indeed in the chemistry of air and water and gases and combustion. But though the words grew longer and the experiments more complicated, everyone seemed able to follow the pleasant voice and flying fingers of their guide.

Professor Faraday did not live long after he wrote up his last experiment in 1862. The Queen had given him a little house on Hampton Court. There he wrote letters and talked with friends and in the evenings sat watching the London sunsets.

In his later life and at his death in 1867 all the world honored Faraday. He had degrees and honorary memberships not only in Great Britain but in most of the cities of Europe, even in faraway St. Petersburg and Moscow, and, we may be proud to add, in Philadelphia and Boston.

Now every day of our lives we have cause to thank him for all those experiments he made. For the secrets he discovered about electric currents are the very foundation of a world of things

that are our daily necessities — automobiles and airplanes and street-cars, electric irons and cleaners and all their household cousins, telephones and telegraphs, X-rays and radios. How lucky it was for us all that Michael Faraday once had to bind an encyclopedia!



TILTON School in Chicago (above) had a parade to launch their Roll Call this year. One of the School's activities is sending "gloom chasers," fruit and other good things, to ex-service men in local hospitals.

In the Graded Summer School in Syracuse, N. Y., the Juniors (right) made valentines for the disabled veterans at Hospital 96 at Tupper Lake, N. Y.



BOSTON Juniors (left) admiring the things which came to them in Christmas boxes from Latvia and Bulgaria.

On a very high mesa in northern Arizona are two Hopi villages—Bacabi and Hotevilla. The Juniors there are very active. They study their old Hopi designs to use in weaving mats and plaques and decorating other articles. These they sell to the crowds who go to see the famous Hopi Snake Dance. These first grade pupils (below) are giving a folk dance.



"PIGS is pigs!" These (below) belong to the Albanian Vocational School. They are the first pure-bred porkers in Albania. Their parents were imported from England.

Six hundred pupils in seven schools in Madison County, Ky., are now Juniors. The Berea Graded School sent these things (lower right) to two families living near Berea.



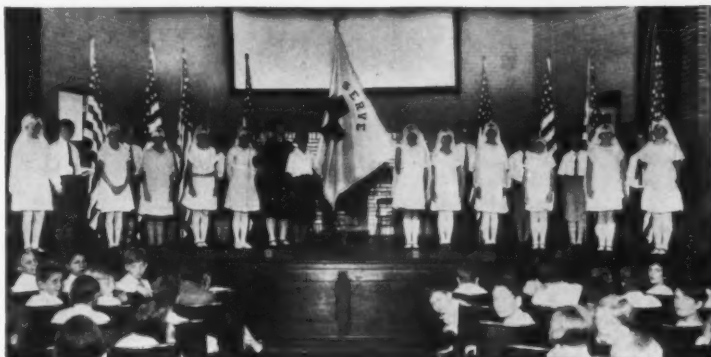
News Notes of Juniors

DELAWARE is the first state to win the new national Junior Red Cross Banner, for it has the biggest proportion of its school children enrolled as members. When the count was made last year, 73 per cent of the Delaware pupils were enrolled. New York, which came next, had 56 per cent, and Pennsylvania 45 per cent.

The beautiful banner is of heavy fringed silk, with a red cross in the center and the words "I Serve" in blue above it. It is the gift of Mr. L. O. Crosby, of Picayune, Mississippi, who became interested in the work of the Red Cross and its Juniors when he was Chairman of the Governor's Relief Commission for the Mississippi flood.

After it was presented to the State Superintendent of Schools of Delaware in October, the banner went on visits to the Wilmington city schools. Now it is "touring" the schools of the state, with all kinds of parties and programs in its honor.

JUNIORS in several states began to get in practice for the National Convention at Washington in April by taking part in the Regional Conferences last fall. Soon after the Connecticut meeting, which we told about in the December NEWS, there was a Junior session at Montclair, New Jersey. Junior delegates from eight towns and country districts in the northern part of the state reported on their councils and school activities. The Gardner, Massachusetts, Juniors gave a little play at the conference there late in October. At Geneva, New York, last year's presidents of the Grade School and High School Councils for Onondaga County told the Red Cross workers and the Geneva teachers and principals about their Junior Red Cross. At the Tuscaloosa, Alabama,



The Crosby banner visits the Thomas E. Bayard School in Wilmington, Delaware

meeting a girl from the senior high school and a boy from the junior high school gave three-minute talks on what the Junior Red Cross means to them. Five schools of the city sent fine exhibits of posters and handmade work.

A few weeks later, eighteen Juniors came from the northeastern part of Indiana to the Regional Conference at South Bend. The Junior Council of East Chicago had had a speaking contest and sent the members who had made the best Red Cross talks. The delegates described their town and county councils and their plans for 1928-29. One hundred and five Juniors, forty-nine of them from Allen County and others from Peru, Lebanon, Indianapolis and several other places met at the Muncie, Indiana, conference. A reception committee of Muncie Juniors, who by the way, have only recently organized, helped them to register. They gave each visitor a pretty badge in the form of a painted ship, made by the art classes, with a place for his name and city and a

Junior button to pin it on. For the Junior luncheon they arranged place cards at one long table, trying not to have delegates from the same school sit together. A second grade in Muncie had saved their pennies and bought a beautiful bunch of chrysanthemums for decorations. The reports and talks by both boys and girls were very interesting.



The Junior Red Cross of Rowe's Corner School, Auburn, Maine, enjoys winter sports



The Utica Country Day School starting for the Children's Home to give a St. Valentine's play

In Pennsylvania, Kansas and California, Junior Red Cross members were on conference programs. There were no Juniors at the Florida meetings, but members at DeFuniak Springs, Jacksonville, St. Petersburg and Ft. Lauderdale sent some of their work to be shown at the conferences for their sections.

LAST February the Juniors of Ann Arbor, Michigan, and about twenty of the rural schools of Washtenaw County made 4,500 valentines for children's homes and hospitals all over the county. They packed them into big boxes decorated by some of the Ann Arbor girls.

VALENTINE fruit-baskets are a specialty of the Santa Monica, California, Juniors, who send them to the patients in the Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle. The children of each school bring in fresh fruit. With every basket they send a hand decorated valentine made in the Art Department.

THE Juniors of Stelton, New Jersey, became so interested canvassing for their West Indies-Florida hurricane contribution last fall that they got up a special assembly program, with a song and poem written by their teacher and a short essay by one of the boys telling how things were in Florida.

AT NOGALES, Arizona, the Juniors had candy sales and made more than five dollars for the storm sufferers. This town is right on the Mexican border, separated from Nogales, Sonora, only by a barbed wire fence in

the middle of the street. Judith Alvarez, one of the Juniors, was specially interested because she had lived in Porto Rico until just before the hurricane.

A CHRISTMAS gift of \$25,000 has been added to the \$10,000 already sent by United States Juniors to Porto Rico. This will provide the hot school lunches, still so badly needed, right through to the end of school.

THE Englewood, New Jersey, Chapter had this letter from the Leonia Grammar School:

"DEAR SIRs:

"Our 7B class of Leonia Grammar School have collected a small fund to help the sufferers of the Florida hurricane. We wish we could have contributed a larger sum of money and are very sorry we couldn't have sent it sooner. We all put our pennies in and all together we made \$4.38. Enclosed you will find this sum.

"Very sincerely yours,

MURIEL ORR, *Secretary,*

MILDRED RIECKEN, *Treasurer."*

WHEN the Albanian Vocational School opened last fall one hundred and forty boys applied for admission. Only ninety-one could be admitted. An extra twenty-bed dormitory, more classroom chairs and new tables and benches for the dining room, made in the wood-working shop, had to be added to take care of them. There are 260 boys in school.

Besides the blooded pigs like those shown on page 116, the school farm has a ram of the Exmoor breed shipped as a gift from England, a bull named Planet imported from Switzerland and two Brown Swiss heifers from Italy. When the sheep were sheared last spring they yielded 165 pounds of wool. The dairy herd produced about 3,500 pounds of milk a month last April and May, which the school sold for \$175. Milk in bottles was something new in Tirana when the school started selling it that way. The bottles came all the way from London.

The boys specializing in agriculture spend most of their time on the farm. Mondays (the school work day) nearly all the boys go out to weed and clean up, for with the dairy, barns and sheds and farm machinery to look after, the crops of corn and alfalfa, the new sorghum field and mulberry trees, now two years old, and the vegetables and fruit to care for, there is plenty



Officers of the Junior Red Cross in Blairsville, Posey County, Indiana

to do the whole year around.

The day Albania was proclaimed a kingdom, on the 1st of September, the A. V. S. boys brought the school tractor from the farm to furnish power for lighting the arches in the streets of Tirana.

WE TOLD in the October News about the playground the California Juniors opened after the St. Francis Dam disaster last spring. Well, here is a letter from some of the children who play there:

"Canyon Grammar School,
Santa Paula, California,
October 18, 1928.

"DEAR JUNIOR RED CROSS:

"We thank the Junior Red Cross for giving us the swings, bars, teeters and slide. We are very glad to have the play things every day. The girls like the swings very well and the boys like the hand ball court. The big girls like to play bat and ball best. When the flood came the Red Cross gave us all the playthings because the water took the houses away and the boys and girls did not have any place to play.

"Your friends,
"THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF CANYON SCHOOL."

SOME Junior Red Cross circles in Sweden have been sending clothes to the little children in the north of Sweden who, from the ages of seven or eight until they are about fifteen, are taken care of at the "work homes." There the children learn hygiene and order and practical things like wood carving and housekeeping. They go to schools near by. They are from a part of the country where the long winter darkness comes early and the only light the families can afford is the feeble flame of the stove.

The children are often pale, thin and frightened when they arrive at the "work homes." Sometimes they are dressed only in old blankets.



Ready to distribute the Junior Red Cross gifts in the Red Cross colored camp near West Palm Beach, Florida. The residents of the camp were nearly all from the Everglades. Their homes and possessions were swept away in September

They find themselves in the midst of warmth and light. Each is given clothes, food at regular hours, a bed with sheets and blankets and three other things that at first bewilder them—a cake of soap, a tooth brush and a towel.

WHEN the fifth grade of the McKinley School in Manistee, Michigan, wrote letters for a portfolio to go to Norway they found their class had descendants of the Norwegian, Swedish, German, French, Dutch, English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh and Polish peoples. They themselves are all American born. After that their

geography was much more interesting, for they realized they were studying about their own relatives.

DURING Red Cross Roll Call a little Greek boy in Washington was offered some money by a visitor to the city who happened to talk to him on the street. "Oh no," he said. "Don't give it to me. Give it to the Red Cross." So the gentleman took two dollar memberships, one for himself and one for the boy. In English, the boy explained, he wrote his name just Billy Morris, but in Greek it would be Mikvas Vassili Mavrakakis.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

February, 1929

	Page
AFTER THE SLEET STORM	
Hallie Frances Franklin	102
Decoration by Henry Pitz	
WITH THE HELP OF MR. LINCOLN	
Leslie G. Cameron	103
Illustrations by Blanche Greer	
ON THE STEPPES OF TURKESTAN	106
THE OLD COUPLE. PART II	
Lila Bubelova	108
Illustrations by John Gee Curley	
THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW.....	109
PORTO RICAN SCHOOL LUNCHES	
AND GARDENS.....H. C. Thompson	111
EDITORIALS	112
A PRINCE OF SCIENTISTS	
Elizabeth McNeely Kehr	113
NEWS NOTES OF JUNIORS.....	116
WASHINGTON'S FREDERICKSBURG	120

IN George Washington's day, anyone in Fredericksburg who was convicted of being a scold was liable to be ducked in the river. The guide in the old Virginia city still points to the "ducking stool" where the town authorities used to punish such offenders. This custom has changed, along with much else, but probably more Colonial and Revolutionary memories surround Fredericksburg than any other place in the country, particularly because of George Washington's association with it. "Wakefield" where he was born, is just 38 miles down the Rappahannock; the Washington farm (of cherry tree fame) to which the family later moved is right across the river; and in Fredericksburg are ever so many places connected with him.



KENMORE (above) was the home of Washington's only sister, Betty, who married Colonel Fielding Lewis. The house was built in 1752. Later, Washington himself designed the mantel for the drawing room and the work was done under his direction by Hessian prisoners. The Kenmore garden adjoined the garden of the little house where Mrs. Washington lived and at one time Washington planted thirteen horsechestnut trees along a path connecting the two, naming each for one of the thirteen colonies.



THE apothecary shop (above) where Dr. Hugh Mercer, the Revolutionary hero, practiced medicine until he went to war. Washington used to transact his mother's business there. It is one of the oldest, if not the oldest apothecary shop in the country.

St. George's Church (right) was built originally in 1732. Its first rector was an uncle of Patrick Henry. Among other interesting people buried in the yard outside are Martha Washington's father and John Paul Jones's brother.



THE side door and a bit of the garden (left) of the house where Washington's mother went to live in 1775. She had to be persuaded to leave the farm across the river, but grew to like living in town very much—near her church, her daughter and her neighbors. The courier sent by General Washington, came here to tell her of the victory at Trenton; after the battle of Yorktown Washington brought the French and American generals here to see his mother; and, when Lafayette journeyed to Fredericksburg to pay his respects, Mrs. Washington greeted him in her box-bordered garden. It was in this house that the General bade her good-bye when he went to take office as President of the United States. She died soon afterwards.

Washington's Fredericksburg

